

Chapter 121

Emily's pov

A riptide.

Do you know what a riptide is dear reader?

Have you ever gone to the beach, your toes sinking into the soft sand, the saltiness of the air on your tongue as you open your mouth to smile or giggle at the stunning sight before you?

Have you ever walked across the sand until you reach the warm seawater? The feeling of the soft crashing waves against your ankles? The deeper you go the warmer it gets. Until-

There's a sudden feeling in the ocean, a current, call it a wave. It's calm, it just brushes up against your skin, beckoning you to be as calm as it is. It's calm, right? It feels good?

Go in further.

Go deeper.

Come on. Just a little bit further.

The sea is calm. The ocean is beautiful.

Everything is beautiful and peaceful.

Until you feel it.

Those waves, hidden under the surface, they're taunting you and becoming more aggressive. But it's just a playful way of teasing. It's nothing.

Go in further.

They're kissing across your skin aggressively, they're just teasing, don't be scared. Go. In. Further.

The saltiness of the water is refreshing a bit, isn't it? The sun blazing on your back is also somewhat nice?

Ha, those rip currents are beautiful too...

Feel them across your skin as you're now waist deep. Until now the water is brushing against your chest. And then you realize.

Those waves. Those teasing waves. They are not normal. They're ripping away from the shore. They have become aggressive. The teasing is no longer friendly. They're deadly taunting you.

But it's okay. It had been calm before, yes? It will surely become calm once more?

No.

Have you not been paying attention, dear reader? You're stuck in a riptide. No way out.

The ocean is drawing you further in, the waves aren't letting you go.

You should have never mistaken the taunting as teasing. You should have never listened to me. Because it had only been the calm before the storm. And now, I have become the riptide.

And they have become the silly prey. Are you going to helplessly fight against me as they do? Or will you give up?

The sounds of their howls of pain is so sweet, like a tune to my ears. My claws dig into their skin and it has become fun to draw out their scarlet blood. A river of crimson dance on the surface of the soil.

My paws dug into it playfully as though I was in the ocean.

I had drawn them in, and successfully fooled them with running away. I teased them. Taunted them. But they were still so stupid to have fallen for my tricks.

Pulling them in was easy, bringing them to their doom was even easier.

They fought against me. They fought against the current. However I was too quick, too sleek and too strong for them to go back to the surface to get somewhere safer.

I am bringing them to their last breath, drowning them until they gurgle in my waters. I want my claws to push as deep as they can go into their necks. I want to feel the warmth of their blood dripping down my claws.

One by one, they drown. One by one they beg for their lives.

One bye one I kill with a strike.

Now it's just one on one.

I circle around the brown wolf, well it was now the color of a red rose, painted with its own blood. Its eyes were a brown color and as I stared at the last wolf I am about to bring to its end, I notice something.

Uncertainty.

Did he wish to run away? Did he not want to fight?

Poor fella would be going straight to hell no matter whichever way he chose.

His steps had become hesitant, the defeat so clear as day.

Will you give up?

They say, one way to survive a riptide is to remain calm and float.....

But how about I just drown the bastard?

Crimson.

Blood.

Dripping.

I need.

Now.

I lunged forward, teeth snapping in the air as I aim for the throat. It's eyes widen, perhaps realizing that there really is no way to escape his fate. Which was doomed to begin with when he chose the wrong side.

Ah, I missed his throat but I got his shoulder.

I sank my teeth deeper, wagging my tail when I heard his cry of pain. There, that's it, come further into the current, let me rip through you until you're shreds beneath me.

I tugged, ripping his shoulder and spitting out the disgusting skin. Yuck.

He wailed, stumbling. He tried to turn around to leave. I would have let him have a bit of fun...well it would not have been fun for him but surely fun for me. However they had already taken up enough of my time and I needed to find my family as soon as possible.

As he turn around, ready to escape his fate, I lunged forward once more. My jaw wrapped around his leg, teeth sinking in deep. He tried to tug. Wrong move.

Did I not tell you it's a bad move to struggle against the wave?

I latch deeper, I dig deeper until I snapped his fucking leg off. His cries were loud and piercing. A pretty tune.

I go for the other leg.

He helplessly tried to turn around, snapping and snarling at my throat to get me to remove my assault on his leg.

He stumbled, and I spat out his now human leg.

He was losing too much blood and losing too much strength for his wolf to help him heal. He will be dead in a few.

I watch him drag his body, painfully slow to get away from me. His body was weak. When he felt as though he had no more fight in him, he shifted into his human form, gasping for air as he twisted around on his back.

He was a young man, and for a second I feel a bit guilty that his life was ended too soon. But perhaps he will take this as a learning lesson. Don't play with the calm waves, they turn to rip tides that draw you into the blanket of darkness. Into your death.

He looked at me as I shifted back into my human form. I walk up to him and the tears filled his eyes.

" I-I'm sorry," he stuttered in fear and pain.

I frown.

He sounded like a child, a kid.

I crouched down beside him, scanning his face in thought. " How old are you?"

He licked his dry lips, his chest moving up and down hastily. " Eighteen."

I flinched. He had just become an adult. This was someone's son. They all were. But I had chosen to fight to save mine.

" I-I

He stammered but I whispered, my eyes dropping now in regret. " Save your breath." I can't help but feel pity for him.

He shook his head slowly. " N-o I ne-ed to warn you about-

He gasped in pain, the light in his eyes slowly dimming. I swallowed, my hand touching his shoulder in a comforting way. His mother wasn't here so it felt right for me to give him a warm hand. A reassurance that it was okay.

He smiled. " I wa-s fo-reed. My mom-

He coughed.

I nodded, understanding where he was going with this. The council knew how to invoke fear into others to get them to blindly follow them. I am not surprised if they had forced this young man to fight to save someone dear to him.

The light dims again in his eyes, and he gasped louder, chest pushing up to try to take in more air into his starving lungs.

I gulped. This was painful to watch.

" Pl-ease. I have a little sister June and my mom Julien. Please, don't kill them. Spare their lives. I will take their punishment. I will die for them both. Pl-ease."

A riptide.

The calm waves before it turns aggressive and brings you in.

In his case, I had already been aggressive, however, I will make his death as calm as I can.

I slowed my waves, I slow my tide, I let him float, I let him see the sun before he could no longer.